



# Hope



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## Chapter 1 by Shenghua Cai

I've heard that years before there were animals and sunshine. Dolphins splashed under the warm blankets under the ocean as people sun baked under the rays of the sun. Plenty of trees sprouted from the ground like broccoli. Now all that is left of earth is dust, dust an even more dust. The blankets have always kept away from the rest of the universe. Only a mindless factory remained.

## Chapter 2 by Shenghua Cai



Some people talked about rainbows and how at the end a was a pot of gold. Everyday I look around me and see ruins of buildings and factories in a gloomy world with nothing to hope for.

## Chapter 3 by CHASE HERRINGTON



I wished and wished that it was all a dream but I wake up and see that it is all true to me. I lost my family, friends and everybody I know. Why me, why me my mind thinks. I cry in my sleep to pass the time away. All that my life is now is living in a bowl full of dust.

Chapter 4 by someone in the know See more of Story Wars



My heart was filled with s... could match. Darkness filled my heart as I remem... so odd, so familiar, as it was just yesterday. Now I'm in the dreadful world. A world full of misery and hatred where

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nothing would leave one's sorrow heart. Solid as a brick, clumped in the middle with no space for it to escape. Just there in the middle, laying one's heart down into a miserable regret.

The future, so incredibly strange, as if I never knew the past. Corpses of seagulls lay along the seaside as my feet sunk into the moving sands. The future is a nightmare where you could never wake up.

### Chapter 5 by SaintSayaka



I go in to work, day in, day out. I am not sure what exactly I am making, or what it is I am contributing to. I stand on an assembly line and put dowels into little marked holes on circular orbs. That's it.

I don't ask questions for fear of what might befall.

### Chapter 6 by \_c\_a\_s\_s\_



I dream about a world without clouds and rain. Smiles and laughter flooding the streets. I dream of a world that will never exist.

### Chapter 7 by NishitheAwsumCookie



Maybe not for me. I can only hope that Earth will again get to experience the joyous times filled with blue skies, puffy white clouds, bright green grass, and all the beautiful, vibrant colors. Those people living in that world will be lucky. The mistakes we made should not be made again. Then they can live in that beautiful world for as long as they want. I can only hope. Hope is the key.

### Chapter 8 by NishitheAwsumCookie



**\*Life as we know it will be gone.\***

I walked into work. It was supposed to be a regular day, normal, predictable. But it wasn't.

The assembly lines were all gone. In their place was, well, nothing.

There was already a crowd of people gathered in the atrium. An official looking man was standing behind it, waiting patiently for someone to come. He glanced at his watch, which was odd because watches were no longer a thing. It was pretty much impossible to find. He must be very important.

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Soon enough, the work bell rung, which signaled that everyone should be at the factory by now. The man tapped at the microphone which silenced the chatter in the room.

"Your work here is done" he said.

That was it.

The crowd erupted into noise.

"We have no where else to go!" a woman beside me yelled.

People were screaming various things as the man walked off the podium.

"You haven't even told us what we were doing!"

"Are you just going to save yourself?"

"What about our rations?"

The man ignored all of this, and walked out of the factory.

He closed the door behind him. Instantaneously, people rushed towards the door and opened. There was a lot of screaming and people were trying to close the door again. I pushed myself to the front of the mob to see what happened.

It was very wrong.

The sky was a blood red and there were clouds of gray dust raising up above our heads.

So this was how it was all going to end.

So be it.

I stepped out of the factory. Though hardly any knew me, people were struggling to pull me back inside the building. I refused. I had enough of this life. If you could call it a life. It would end anyway, I could feel it. I would rather just end it myself.

This was the end.

This is my story.

My message to you: Cherish this beautiful world that you have. Do not take it for granted. That was our mistake. We drained our world of it's life, all that was left was death. It was inevitable, after what we did. This world is yours to keep, entrusted to you, to keep it safe. Preserve it for generations to come so many will be able to enjoy it. This world is yours. Take my hope for you, take my dream, and make it real.

But for now, I can only hope.

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